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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVI. CHICAGO, OCTOBER 18, 1900. NUMBER 7

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UNITY

VOLUME XLVI. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1900. NUMBER 7

It is another sign of the times that a woman's college has been established in Washington under the auspices of the Catholic Church. Trinity College is said to be the first Catholic woman's college in the world, and is interpreted as a sign that Catholic girls are demanding a college rather than a convent education.

Bishop Potter has put himself at the head of the latest movement in New York to rid itself of its load of civic corruption. He undertakes to show that Richard Croker is the result rather than the cause of New York disgraces. It is only through the debased ideals and the groveling standards of the multitude that these debasing and disgracing leaders are possible. There is no permanent remedy except the remedy that comes through the elevation of public sentiment, the renovation of political methods and the civic standards that gather around the ballot box.

The article on the "Associated Fists" or the society which caused the riots which led to war in China written by Geo. T. Candlin, a Christian Missionary, published in the September number of the *Open Court* is a revealing one. It discloses the fact that here we have a manifestation of fanaticism not of depravity. It is "superstition" from the without, "religious zeal" from the within. Evidently it is not a case for military surgery. These things cannot be killed out by powder and ball. The motto of the boxers' drill is given as follows:

> Heavenward strike and heaven's gate will open,
> Earthward strike and earth's gate will open;
> You must learn the *i ho ch uen.*
> But the teachers have yet to arrive.

With composed mind and sincere heart practice the *i ho ch uen.*

Last Sunday a most notable service was held in Boston at the Arlington Street Church, when Paul Revere Frothingham was installed as pastor of the church over which William Ellery Channing once presided, and where William C. Gannett, the son of Ezra Stiles Gannett, the saintly colleague of Channing, preached the sermon. The Unitarian church has had no heresy trials, strictly speaking, its constitution or lack of constitution, making such impossible. But it has had its heretics and its theological suspects. Both Paul Frothingham and William Gannett, though bearing apostolic names in the Unitarian calendar, were for years classed among these suspects. Mr. Frothingham inherited much of the radicalism of his famous uncle, O. B. Frothingham, President of the Free Religious Association, and for many years the honored leader of those who, if Unitarians at all, were Unitarian Protestants. Mr. Gannett, however, honored in his personality, was a dreaded influence at the headquarters of the American Unitarian Association, and for many years the pulpit of his own father was closed against him. Are we not right in saying that the ordination service last Sunday in the Arlington Street Church, Boston, was a notable one? It is to our thinking a sign, not that Unitarianism is moving on, but that the world is moving on, and that Unitarianism, like all the other isms, is tagging after. There will be no new departure in the pulpit of the Arlington Street Church, as there were, we venture to say, no novel notes in Mr. Gannett's sermon. In both cases there will be found the old gospel of love and loyalty enforced by new thought and stated with a freshness of original conviction and first-hand study. UNITY extends its right hand of fellowship to the pastor and people of Arlington Street Church, Boston.

We have already called attention to the striking articles on church attendance, which have appeared in the *Boston Transcript* from the pen of George Willis Cooke. The discussion is still kept up in the columns of that paper, not less than five contributions appearing in the issue of October 6, one of which draws a lesson from the power of the Catholic Church, the "very breath of which is worship." Another goes to the defense of the Unitarian Sunday School. A third thinks "the sermon is to blame, which, as a rule, is utterly void of enthusiasm, depth of thought or spirituality." Still another asks, "Do all the women go to church?" But the greatest interest gathers around the two-column article from Mr. Cooke again. During the month of September Mr. Cooke attended all the Protestant churches in a "little town situated about ten miles from the state house in Boston." Here were Congregational, Methodist, Baptist and Unitarian, each of them having excellent church buildings. He found all the preachers speaking without notes, the chief reason of which he states as follows:

> "I am convinced that one of the chief causes for the discarding of the manuscript is the great change that has taken place in regard to what congregations demand of a minister. At the present time there is no demand for doctrine, and there is likewise little demand for an intellectual treatment of religious themes. With the rejection of doctrinal preaching there has come a refusal to listen to what is thoughtful, whether it be theological, philosophical or scientific. Nothing is less in demand now than the studious treatment of any theme in the pulpit. What is wanted in all churches is a parish minister, a man who is sociable, and gifted with power as a parochial visitor from house to house. Consequently, the minister has no time for study, and no incentive to develop studious habits; and he preaches without a manuscript because he can in that way best utilize the results of his parochial efforts."

After going the rounds and finding intelligence and nobility in all of the churches, but also finding vacancy, a sense of apathy and weariness in them all, he sums up his experience as follows:

> "It is one of the serious limitations of Protestanism, to my mind, that no one can be an active Christian without affiliating himself with a sect. If there can be such a thing as an unat-

tached Christian, that is the position I have desired to occupy in this report. To recognize their excellences and their individual merits, has been my purpose. First of all, therefore, my wish has been to serve as an unbiased reporter, with skill enough to see the facts and to report them accurately. I know the limitations of such reporting, and how superficial must be the knowledge gained by the methods I have been compelled to employ.

"I have wished to be more than a reporter, however, and to act as a critic. Without being a critic, no reporter could speak in a manner that would be of value. The faults of the churches are too apparent, however, to need a high order of critic to point them out. What I have said about the absence of modern ideas from the preaching I have heard applies in this instance more emphatically than I have before indicated. If any truth of today stands paramount above all others in the realm of science, it is that of evolution. The law of development is as universally accepted by scientific men as is that of gravitation and it is quite as compatible with religious beliefs. The day is undoubtedly coming when evolution will be accepted in our schools and churches as gravitation now is, but in not one of the churches I have attended during the past month was there given the slightest indication that the preachers accepted evolution in any sense or that they knew anything of its implications for religion. It may be properly said that such recognition of evolution is not essential to the best sermonizing; but in all the sermons I heard there was excellent opportunity for its recognition in some form. It received no recognition whatever. More than this, the scientific habit of thought was wholly absent. Evidence was quite ignored. Faith was accepted for knowledge. What the great leaders of thought are giving us in this age was as conspicuously absent as if we were living five hundred years ago. For these preachers and churches Darwin lived in vain. Here was no recognition of the vast spiritual horizons brought to view by the comparative study of religions. The profound significance for religious teaching of the new psychology had not penetrated into this remote region.

"The teaching I heard in at least two of the churches I attended was antique, mediæval, unprogressive. It was not so much unintellectual as wanting in moral power and spiritual insight. It was not calculated to spiritually feed the men and women of today. What it would do would be to keep adults in a condition of spiritual infancy. Worse even than that, it would invite superstition. Perhaps this is too strong a statement; but when two of the preachers invited me to believe in dreams and visions, I could not but conclude that they were blind leaders of the blind. Spirituality of life based on great beliefs surely does not lead that way. Loyalty to Christ, in thought and conduct, results not in mental narrowness and religious credulity."

Two Notable Books.

The express company has just laid upon our table at one time two books that will unquestionably prove the most interesting books of the season for many of our readers; books far removed in matter and method, but closely allied in spirit and fundamental philosophy. The books were none other than the long-waited-for Anthology, gathered by the careful and skillful hand of Edmund Clarence Stedman, and "The Life of Theodore Parker, Preacher and Reformer," by John White Chadwick. It is not our purpose to "notice," much less to review these books at this time. A critical estimate of the American Anthology prepared by one whose judgment UNITY readers have learned to trust is already in hand, and will appear in the pages of UNITY at an early date. And of the Parker book we hope to speak with more deliberation and at length when opportunity presents. At this time we only indulge in the satisfaction of mentioning these books together, because we believe the connecting link is not a mere fancy of ours nor a happy coincident of an express package. Theodore Parker, a stalwart, and to the casual observer, a grim reformer, a tireless intellect serving an unflinching and unbending conscience, was such because he revelled in the ideal, his heart dwelt in the holy land of the imagination, the kingdom of righteousness, which was the kingdom of God.

In a large way it may be safe to say that the wealth of the Anthology which constitutes the other book is found springing out of the prophetic heart of America. Radical America is the singing America. Progressive America is the lyrical America. And although Theodore Parker finds access into Stedman's Anthology only by virtue of his sonnet "To the Higher Good" and the twelve-line poem to Jesus, yet the reader of Chadwick's pages will be thrilled over and over again as if he were reading a Bible psalm or listening to a mighty organ. We read "The Fruitless Quest," (for health) with bated breath and tear-dimmed eye, and the closing chapter, "After Death, the Judgment," left a serenity and trust such as come in the exaltations of prayer and in the rare moments when the soul is assured that God is, and that right will prevail.

In turning the pages of Stedman's Anthology there comes again the reassurance of the sanity and the soundness of the United States at the core, and we are compelled to believe in its future, not on account of its multi-millionaires, mighty combinations, political swagger, the lust of gold and the boast of pelf, but because in spite of all these and through all these there has broken forth so much of song, for the first and perhaps most abiding pleasure which this book yields lies in the discovery that so much good poetry has been produced. How much has found its way into this book that is not worthy a place among the poets, in spite of Stedman's vigilance, is a matter which time alone can decide; but there is a sad satisfaction in the discovery that there is more good poetry extant in America today than has found its way into these pages. We sadly miss some of our favorites, and are poorly reconciled to the exclusion of the names of some to whom it has been given, as it seems to us, to sing in pure tones the joy and meaning of life. Each one will make out his list of grievances for himself, and, lest the editor may never again venture to open the gates of this Anthology, each reader will do well to compile his own addenda and tuck it in between these covers for the use of himself and those who are to come after him.

We cannot say more of these two books at this time. Let this suffice as our greeting to the two books that for us, at least, are the most welcome of the season. These two books are powerful witnesses that

> "Through the harsh noises of our day
> A low sweet prelude finds its way;
> Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
> A light is breaking, calm and clear."

Powell and Imperialism.

The words of those who have had large experience in special fields have greater weight; they speak from knowledge. And so, when the historian speaks there is a feeling that his words have larger meaning; he has the right to speak with the authority of knowledge.

Probably no one in our country has studied with larger ability to understand and with more conscientious care to give the real political history of our government than has the Rev. E. P. Powell. Such is the feeling one has in reading his very able

and opportune work on the history of secession in this land. And especially appropriate to the present time in our national life are the pages upon the parallel between the early and the closing years of the century. It is going out, much as it came in, with the factional fight then between the tories and the whigs; or between aristocracy and democracy; and the fight now between the same principles in another form. In both periods it is the question of the rule of the few, or the many; a syndicate president and government, or a government of the people.

And now this question has come to the grave issue whether this land is to remain a republic or to become an empire. The cry of "Imperialism" is not an alarm sounded for political effect; it is the voice of liberty, of the profoundest patriotism in this land of the free. Mr. Powell discriminates wisely between expansion as the law of life and growth, and the imperialism that conquers and holds islands and peoples by force, and holds and rules them, not as territories under the flag and constitution, and to become states, but as colonies or possessions held and ruled against their will; under the flag, but not under the constitution. Nor is it any better, but worse, when it is done under the sacred name of religion; it adds hypocrisy to political crime; tries to cloak the wrong under the pretense of duty and destiny; and this Mr. Powell says, "is damnable."

Not duty and destiny, but commercial greed and the love of power are leading this land away from the old cherished principles of the rights of man, and government by the consent of the governed. We all believe in peaceable expansion along the lines of growth and the persuasions of reason and right; the expansion of the principles of liberty in government, and honorable commerce; these will exalt and unify the nations of the earth; but we do not believe in expansion by force, expansion for gain, and at the cost of loss of liberty.

H. W. THOMAS.

GOOD POETRY.

This column will for awhile present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—EDS.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

Born November 17, 1861, at Morpeth, Canada. Graduate of Trinity College, Toronto. Appointed to a permanent life position in the Civil Service of Canada in 1883, resident at Ottawa. Died February 10, 1899.

A well-grounded scholar, a lover of Nature's solitude and a simple life. A keen observer and writer of verse musical without effort. Above all sincere and manly.

Sight.

The world is bright with beauty, and its days
  Are filled with music; could we only know
  True ends from false, and lofty things from low;
Could we but tear away the walls that graze
Our very elbows in life's frosty ways;
  Behold the width beyond us with its flow,
  Its knowledge and its murmur and its glow,
Where doubt itself is but a golden haze.
  Ah, brothers, still upon our pathway lies
  The shadow of dim weariness and fear,
Yet if we could but lift our earthward eyes
  To see, and open our dull ears to hear,
  Then should the wonder of this world draw near
And life's innumerable harmonies.

A Sunset at Les Eboulements.

Broad shadows fall. On the mountain side
The scythe-swept fields are silent. Slowly home
By the long beach the high-piled hay-carts come,
Splashing the pale salt shallows. Over wide
Fawn-colored wastes of mud and slipping tide,
Round the dun rocks and wattled fisheries,
Creeps murmuring in. And now by twos and threes,
O'er the slow spreading pools with clamorous chide,
Belated crows from strip to strip take flight.
Soon will the first star shine; yet ere the night
Reach onward to the pale-green distances,
The sun's last shaft beyond the gray sea-floor
Still dreams upon the Kamouraska shore,
And the long line of golden villages.

The Largest Life.

I lie upon my bed and hear and see.
The moon is rising through the glistening trees;
And momently a great and sombre breeze,
With a vast voice returning fitfully,
Comes like a deep-toned grief, and stirs in me,
Somehow, by some inexplicable art,
A sense of my soul's strangeness, and its part
In the march of human destiny.
What am I, then, and what are they that pass
Yonder, and love and laugh, and mourn and weep?
What shall they know of me, or I, alas!
Of them? Little. At times, as if from sleep,
We waken to this yearning passionate mood,
And tremble at our spiritual solitude.

Nay, never once to feel we are alone,
While the great human heart around us lies;
To make the smile on other lips our own,
To live upon the light in others' eyes:
To breathe without a doubt the limpid air
Of that most perfect love that knows no pain:
To say—I love you—only, and not care
Whether the love comes back to us again,
Divinest self-forgetfulness, at first
A task, and then a tonic, then a need;
To greet with open hands the best and worst,
And only for another's wounds to bleed:
This is to see the beauty that God meant,
Wrapped round with life, ineffably content.

There is a beauty at the goal of life,
A beauty growing since the world began,
Through every age and race, through lapse and strife
Till the great human soul complete her span.
Beneath the waves of storm that lash and burn,
The currents of blind passion that appall,
To listen and keep watch till we discern
The tide of sovereign truth that guides it all;
So to address our spirits to the height,
And so atune them to the valiant whole,
That the great light be clearer for our light,
And the great soul the stronger for our soul:
To have done this is to have lived, though fame
Remember us with no familiar name.

Protection of Animals and Humane Education.

At the September meeting of the Directors of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held Sept. 19th, President Angell reported that the officers had since last monthly report attended to 2,545 cases, taken 120 horses from work, and mercifully killed 170 horses and other animals.

The "Bands of Mercy" now number 43,139. There seems to be no falling off in the demand for "Black Beauty." A single order received during the last month was for 2,000 copies.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

THE PULPIT.

World-Politics Versus Party Issues.

A SERMON

BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES,

DELIVERED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, OCTOBER 14, 1900.

These are times that try the churches. The temper of pulpit and pew is tested by the excitements and antagonisms of a great political campaign. Theoretically, the people want their preacher to have convictions. They prefer a man in the pulpit who deals in opinions, but just before election there is a certain contingent that desires the preacher to hold his opinions in abeyance, while another element of his constituency will say, now is the time to speak, if ever. The traditions of this pulpit are not such as forbid interference with politics or business. For eighteen years this church has maintained a pulpit that has had convictions on current questions, and has not hesitated to speak them when they were held with sufficient clearness and seemed to be of sufficient importance. This church has supported a pulpit that has often disagreed with many of its supporters, and still has retained mutual confidence and mutual co-operation.

In accordance with these traditions, I am impelled by all the higher sanctities of religion and morals to speak my word on the momentous issues that now wait upon the suffrage of the citizens of the United States. It is not necessary to confess that I speak for myself, and myself only; I hope to speak my own convictions in such a spirit of love that those who differ from me may yet be glad I have spoken. Let the integrity and independence that find utterance in the pulpit be thereby strengthened and inspired in those who listen. I bespeak a candid listening to a candid word. I bring my contribution of thought to those who are thinking, and I honor the man who gives thoughtful dissent to my words rather than the one who brings thoughtless approval. Through frankness, not through evasion, is fellowship realized and co-operation found.

If the church is in some poor fashion an exponent of religion, if religion includes the science of conduct—conduct of state and of nations as of individuals—there is no question before the American people today that is not profoundly a question with which the church should concern itself, because it is a question of religion. The time has gone by when an individual, state or nation can claim a release from the responsibility of the world. Every great question before the American people today is a world-question, and must finally be settled at world tribunals and according to the everlasting principles that obtain in all nations, underlie all ages and overarch all righteous courts.

My first plea is for a clearer discrimination between party issues and world-politics. Once this distinction is recognized, most of the noise, all of the buncombe, and a large part of the oratory of this campaign will fall to the ground. It requires but a little study, but a little quiet thinking, to discover how shallow are the party lines and how superficial are the claims to party respect on either or on all sides. Party platforms are known to be largely fabrications of expediency, conceived in subtlety and planned for diplomacy, conjured by the managers in privacy and with deliberate strategy, then foisted upon their constituency with the blare of trumpet and the tin thunder of convention excitements. There is a large element of unreality in the party enthusiasm and the so-called "party issues" in this as in every presidential campaign, and never perhaps more than at the present time. There is a wholesale optimism in regard to the defects, inconsistencies and disgraces of one's own party, and a wholesale pessimism in regard to those of the opposite party that is good only for campaign purposes. There is the unscholarly and unhistoric assumption that our national parties are fixed elements in the politics of the world, that they have a continuous and consistent place in the history of our nation, while the fact is, as every student of American history knows, parties are as changeable as the men who make them; parties conceived in righteousness bring forth oftentimes an iniquitous progeny and eventually die from internal corruption. The greatest menace to American institutions today is the party blindness that leads the Democrat still to hurrah for Andrew Jackson and the Republican still to flatter himself that he is voting for Abraham Lincoln; while the plain truth is, as every student must know, the party of McKinley, Mark Hanna and Chauncey Depew, is not the party that once rejoiced in the leadership of Abraham Lincoln, Charles Sumner and William H. Seward. Neither is the campaign led by Bryan, Carl Schurz and their associates to be confounded with the democracy of James Buchanan and the pro-slavery leaders of the rebellion. Let no one be too proud of his party badge, for, alas, every badge represents its own full measure of iniquity, corruption and degradation. This is why there is an ever-growing number of American voters who lay small store upon party labels, who refuse to be catalogued and badged, because parties change as statesmen are supplanted by bosses and the heelers and the howlers in the fullness of time inevitably work themselves to the front.

In the name of morals and religion I protest then against this deafening of the voice of reason by the noise and parade, the fever and the extravagance of our campaignings.

Oh, there is a wicked waste of human nerve, of precious time, of money needed for better causes, in these days, in the name not of patriotism, but of partisanship. Of the inroads made upon the health and sobriety of the excited populace it is too early to speak, but the physicians and the anxious wives and mothers will take full note of this later on. Perhaps the midnight cheering, the home serenity that is sacrificed, the permanent interests of church and society that are neglected by the campaigners in these days are justified as party measures; it may be that the "full strength of the party" cannot be brought out in any other way, although it does seem as if even the problems of the parties might be greatly simplified by a process of cancellation. If like factors could be eliminated from both sides of the equation the result would be the same.

But it may be that the average American mind is so dull and the American voter so stupid that it needs all this noise and wind in order to arouse the one and to inspire the other, though I will not believe it. But there still remains the need of a protest against the awful wastefulness of our campaignings. Somebody must pay the bills. Railroad trains, public halls, printing presses, brass bands, carriages and an army of clerks and couriers are not to any great extent the free contributions of the proprietors. Somebody must pay the bills. Where does the money come from? There is a righteous clamor for "publicity" in these days in regard to the management of so-called "private corporations. Who dares call for publicity concerning the affairs of the campaign committees? Will Chairman Hanna or Jones at the close of this election give an honest account of the funds they have administered, giving the names and the amounts of their contributors and their contributions, and an itemized exhibit of the disbursements? It may be an altogether creditable ex-

hibit. If so, let the American people give honor where honor is due. It may be a revelation ghastly and iniquitous in many parts. If so, let the American people know the methods pursued by their leaders and the manner of their leading. The other night I stood on our corner here and watched the marching clubs move towards the rallying point of the Thirty-second ward. The newspapers said there were three thousand men in uniform. Suppose there were but half that number. Each man wore white pantaloons, a white hat and a blue blouse, and carried a cane. The officers wore leggings in addition. Put the cost of this uniform, practically valueless except for campaigning purposes, at sweatshop prices, counting each outfit worth no more than five dollars, and there we have $7,500 worth of uniforms marching along Oakwood boulevard, representing the Thirty-second ward "enthusiasm." Where did the $7,500 come from? Did the men in the ranks buy their own outfit, while, presumably, the winter's coal of some of them is unpaid for and the church contributions of others evaded or canceled; or was this $7,500 subscribed by those not in the ranks, by those who were willing to hire their enthusiasm, buying substitutes out of the prosperity for which they give credit to the administration at Washington, with irreverent neglect of that administration that sends the rain and the sunshine upon the just and the unjust, and has so ordered the universe that seed time and harvest shall not fail? It is estimated that the campaign fund of one party is to reach at least $50,000,000, and if the other party does not reach a like sum it will not be because the campaign committee does not believe in and practice the "strenuous life" in these directions. I hear of individuals in Chicago, not professional politicians and not office holders, being "held up" (that is the phrase) "by the committee to the extent of $5,000—individual check." I am sure I do not know how to answer any of these questions. There is not a man in this presence but is in the way of more direct and better information in these directions than I am. I simply ask in all sobriety and sincerity—how much is this campaign costing and who is paying the bills? Is such extravagance necessary? Are there no other ways by which the intelligent American voter can arrive at his conclusions and be induced to act up to them?

But let us not stay on these low levels. Granted that the money comes freely and from sources where there is an abundance left; granted that there is money enough for this and still enough left for all the physical, spiritual and moral needs of the community; granted that not a dollar is raised by extortion or spent in dishonorable ways; granted that no stomach is taxed with an over amount of campaign beer and whisky and no brain befuddled by campaign cigars; granted that all our campaigners, like our temperance President, leave undrunk the wine that has been poured into the banquet goblets; granted that not a cent will be used for "bribe," "hush" money or "slush" money on election day; and still, in the name of religion and morals, I protest against the debauchery of the human mind, the embittering of human lives, the distorting of children's ideals by these inflammatory methods that so identify permanent principles with the unreal and ever-shifting pretensions of parties. No American worthy his inheritance will teach his boy to hate one party name and to love the other without qualifications; rather will the true patriot teach his boy to despise what is despicable in all parties and to seek diligently what is admirable in all parties. Who has not felt the blight of such a bias? I can look back to the day when I thought it was impossible to find honor in the opposing party and integrity in a man who did not vote "my" party. Not until I lay under the open sky, covered by the same blanket, with one of the other party; not until he carried the spoon and I carried the fork that sufficed us at our common mess, not until we had stood under the flag together when it was the target for the singing bullet and the whistling shell did I awake from the childish delusion and realize that patriotism is larger than partisanship, and humanity something profounder than Americanism or any nationality. Let us save our children the mental confusion, the spiritual strabismus and ethical myopia—the squint-eyed and short-sightedness of the partisan. This cannot be done until there is a large amount of frank criticism of the defects, limitations and pretensions of our own party, and a generous search for the excellences and nobilities of the other party.

I care not whom you are going to vote for on the sixth day of November next. There is plenty of opportunity for the exercise of judgment and conscience, and such exercise will redound to your own peace of mind and to nobility in your children.

Fortunately, the presidential candidates now before the American people are gentlemen, men whose private lives are above reproach, men whom, in the main, I believe to be sincere; and when they are in the wrong, it seems to me they are victims of their temperament, their too wily advisers, and, worse than all, unconscious victims of their own overweening ambitions, so that when our admiration for them ceases our pity should begin.

As of the individuals, so of the parties they represent. I pity the man who cannot discover in each of the four prominent platforms of the American people today much to commend and some things altogether desirable. A thoughtful student bemoans the complexity of the situation which compels the vote to go for the one man when there is so much that is commendable represented by the others.

Let us glance a moment at each of these parties. There was a point in the history of the Republican party when it was almost synonymous with patriotism and loyalty. It is great to be in the line of the traditions of John C. Fremont, Abraham Lincoln and James A. Garfield. The Republican party has stood for the integrity of the American dollar, for justice to creditors, and has had in mind the international quality of money, the counters of commerce.

And the Democratic party shall receive at my hand no less credit for the loyalty with which it has held to the open door of trade, the free intercourse between nations, the cosmopolitan quality of commerce which despises the cry-baby clamor for protection on the part of a few industries made cowardly by prosperity and imbecile by their unrevealed accumulations.

And though the Populist party provokes the smile of the polished urbanite and arouses the contempt of the millionaire, and though it is crude and chaotic, yet he is a poor student of current thought and is blind to the signs of the times who does not hear in the cry of this party the wail of those who are under the wheels, the demand of honest toil for honest recognition. The voice, at present incoherent, is the voice that is to call for a fairer adjustment of the world's goods and a franker recognition of our indebtedness to the great American working class, and the time is surely coming when the voice will be heard and heeded. The issue is not of the workingman's choosing. It has been forced upon him, and when the issue is worked into clearness and the situation is understood, if it ever comes to be a battle between the millionaire and the millions, who can doubt the result thereof? Debs' vote will be an insignificant one at this campaign. His cause is practically unheard in the noisy clamor of the larger parties, but let him work on with a good heart. Even this year, when the results of the election come to be closly analyzed, it will be found, I suspect, that his

cry and the kindred cry that comes to us from the "middle-of-the-road" will have commanded a larger vote than ever before. "Sockless Jerry Simpson" is today a joke in American politics, but the philosopher knows that Jerry Simpson is an uncouth John the Baptist crying in the wilderness of American commercialism: "Repent, there cometh after me he that is mightier than I, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose."

And then there is the cause represented by John G. Wooley and Henry B. Metcalf. Let no one despise the clear, high note sounded by the Prohibitionists, for their fundamental postulates are the foundation stones of social democracy as they are of the kingdom of heaven. We are told the Prohibition party "cuts no figure" in this campaign, but I tell you that its cause is a growing one. It is to be more and more the last resort of the independent, the exponent of consistent religion and practical ethics in American politics. Its two postulates of sobriety and legal prohibition of places of debauchery are fundamentals, because the first is an essential in individual character and the second is a necessary self-protection in the state. What form this legislation may take, by what road temperance is to travel in American politics, are questions whose answers are hid in the future, but that it will have a growing place in American politics I believe. The combinations of beer and of whisky, the hosts of the saloons, are already an organized and a recognized power in American politics. Their fell influence has reached the halls of Congress, it has poisoned Cabinet meetings, and consciously or unconsciously influenced the action of our Chief Executive. Witness the damnable institution of the canteen. That it is not necessary to the well-being of the army is proved by the fact that the noblest army ever mustered on this footstool fought four bloody years for liberty as an army never fought before, without the help of a government canteen, and for the most part without alcoholic stimulants; while, on the other hand, its presence today in the army, at home or abroad, is a known cause of degradation and debauchery. If the testimony of the chaplains and the sober officers who followed the army all the way from Chattanooga to Santiago, and on to Manila, is worth anything, it proves that the canteen is one more manifestation of the demoralizing power of the dollar and the degrading influence of the cup. It leaves a trail of dishonor behind it wherever it goes. Inasmuch, then, as the forces of whisky are organized and triumphant, there is justification for and need of organization on the other side.

For this reason I salute John G. Wooley, the standard-bearer of prohibition, and shall rejoice in the vote that will prove his cause a growing one. Some day the American politician will take note of the constituency he represents. And that time will come when the disfranchised half of American citizens shall have access to the ballot box. Thank heaven there is a reserve force in training. When the mothers, wives, sisters and daughters of the present voters are heard from, as they surely will be, our politicians will be more anxious to be recognized as "men" and will be more and more ashamed to deal in the "clap-trap" which they say the "boys" like. The "boys" need to be eliminated from American politics and the men installed in their stead. This can only be done by recognizing some such line as I have already indicated, by an effort on the part of every voter to be just to those whom he opposes, to be ashamed of the rowdyism, debauchery and rascality that he is compelled to endure in his own party; and he should not only be ashamed of them, but he should confess his shame openly as before the Lord, and rebuke the cause of it as before the altar of pure religion. No man is exonerated from the crimes of his party if he allows them to go without protest, or if, still worse, he undertakes to conceal them or excuse them by the evasive "They all do it" and "You are another." This represents the coward's defense and the devil's armor.

If every party has a case, nay, a cause, worthy of respect and deserving of support, what is the voter to do? Therein comes the perplexity of the honest voter. The limitations of the ballot are such that a choice must be made, and with what judgment and conscience he can command he must choose the paramount issue and cast his vote against the most crying shame and in behalf of the highest cause. In this selection individual choice must give way to state interest, state interest must surrender to national concern, and national well-being must ever be subordinated to the cause of humanity, the interest of the struggling, aspiring children of God the round world over. In this present campaign let others choose as they will, but my heart, head and conscience combine in a unanimous call upon me to stand for the great cause of peace against the blight of war, and in behalf of these struggling brothers of mine, wherever they may be, who thirst for liberty as the desert pilgrim thirsts for water. All the questions before the American voter today are world-questions. Temperance, finance, tariff, taxes, are all questions that outreach the boundaries of the United States, and they will be settled aright only when they are settled in the light of the needs of the world. But over and above all these stands today the awful cry of war, the terrible burden of the army and the navy. And, alas, the United States, pledged to democracy, the last child of political evolution, the hope of the enslaved and the downtrodden in all the world, the one magnificent menace to aristocracy, monarchy and tyranny, has itself been engaged for two years and more in waging a war of conquest against an innocent people situated on the other side of the globe, a people that never did us harm, people alien in birth, temperament and location, a people whose only misfortune was that they had been tyrannized over before we arrived by another aspirant to a place among the world powers. They had writhed under a Spanish yoke for three hundred years, and were just merging into that strength, intelligence and manhood that could bid defiance to their foreign tyrant. They had heard the call to rise and be free.

I care not by what fortuitous steps our armies found themselves in the island of Luzon; enough to know that they were there through the accident of war and not the statesmanship of peace, and our only title to stay there is found in our victory over the enemies of the Filipinos and the fact that we paid twenty million dirty dollars to a power they detested for certain goods, geographical and human, which that power was unable to deliver to us. I do not care whose fault it was. I am inclined to believe that it was nobody's conscious fault; it was, if you please, the blind leading of "destiny," but it was the destiny of evil, not the destiny of heaven; it was the destiny of might, which never did have the power of discriminating between right and wrong; it was the same destiny that enabled Babylon to crush Jerusalem, the same destiny that made Egypt so great that its mighty pyramids still testify to its iron hand and cruel despotism.

The world today is groaning under the burden of the soldier. The best hearts and clearest minds of the race are bending themselves to the problem of dismantling the fortresses of the world, of retiring the bayonet and advancing the plow. There is no question so great as this and that the United States Government is, unfortunately, found on the wrong side of the issue is evidence of the slow disintegration of our ideals, of the subtle moral paralysis that our commer-

cialism and business conditions have brought upon us. The United States is found sustaining itself by that older than mediaeval logic which assumes the divine right of the self-elected competent to ride over the wishes of the weak and the remote.

Dear friends, the first public service I was ever called upon to render was to read the Declaration of Independence at a Fourth of July celebration under the trees. I was then a child, with hands so weak that I could not hold the volume of the Revised Statutes of the State of Wisconsin, which contained the document, and it was propped before me at a height where my childish eye could catch the lines. The strain of the situation, my own timidity and embarrassment were all merged in a sense of awe at the principles there enunciated and the sanctity of the document, with its weight of human aspiration and its trail of human suffering. I have never recovered from that awe. I have never lifted up my voice in public from that time to this when that awe was not consciously or unconsciously a power in my speech and a link in my logic. I have believed with all my heart and soul that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." I know of no way out of this logic, no explaining away of this high diction.

The political world today is divided into two world-classes, and only two. There is no middle ground. One believes in the authority of might, in the divine right of kings, in inherited nobility, in titles by conquest, in the legitimacy of invasion, in possible governments imposed from without. This is monarchy. In the dictionary of monarchy there is room for the words "colonies," "dependencies," "subjects," "conquests," long-armed governments. They may impose upon a remote and alien people their wishes. This is imperialism. But in the dictionary of democracy there is no place for these words. Democracy must believe that the best government at any given time for any given people is that government which they themselves can attain; that the poorest government ever achieved by a people among themselves, by themselves and for themselves is better for them than the best government ever invented from without, for tyranny is tyranny, however benignant. Every true Republican is bound to echo the cry of Caradog, the old Briton chieftain before the imperious Cæsar—"I represent a people who prefer to be unlettered freemen to being polished slaves."

Let us not lose sight of the facts. For nearly two years we have met a brave and persistent foe. We have sent 65,000 armed men across 7,000 miles of water, to compel the brown men to bow beneath a white man's rule; during this time we have sacrificed by disease, accident, and the horrible carnage of the battlefield, the lives of about 6,000 of our own American youths, and by the most conservative interpretation of the censor's dispatches, five times that number of natives, 30,000 brown men who loved freedom more than their lives; we have killed 30,000 men who stood by their homes, who fell on their own soil, 30,000 men who saw in the Stars and Stripes, our boasted emblem of liberty, the hated banner of an invading army, the Stars and Stripes which dying white men once held up before the tear-dimmed eyes of black slaves, declaring to them that there were white men who were willing to die for black men's liberty. Today brown men look at this banner and curse it with their last breath, leaving an inheritance of hatred to the invaders of their liberty. Admit, for argument's sake, the benignant purpose of our administration; admit that humanity, and not the mineral wealth and forest resources, has induced the invasion, it is enough for me to know that we are not wanted there, that nine million or more people are afraid of us; that a population twice as dense as the population of Wisconsin is being compelled by a people on the other side of the globe to submit to a government they do not want because they are lured by a dream of self-government of which the United States was the model and the ideal.

This is to me the paramount issue of this campaign. What, compared to this cry of the dying Filipinos, is that clamor for prosperity, and how selfish and base in this light is that "tremor" which Chauncey Depew says "has spread all over the State of New York lest the commercial relations be disturbed." Put over against this anxiety of bankers and business men for prosperity the noble self-denial of the Lancashire weavers during our war for the freedom of the slaves, who drew their belts still tighter around their emaciated forms and sent their contributions to help along the war that prolonged the cotton panic. Then starving men and women sent their cheers across the sea to encourage the army that was fighting for liberty, though the cotton looms were idle and not their prosperity, but their bread sacrificed thereby. I respect the "full dinner pail" of a workingman, but when you put that "dinner pail" in one pan of the scales and a brown mother's babe in the other pan, I say the dinner pail will "kick the beam" in the scale of justice.

Justify this Philippine war if you can. Believe that the world is still in the feudal age, when invasion, capture and subjugation are the order of development, but do not say that this prolonged agony at home and abroad, that the widows and orphans, white and brown, that the war that has already cost us over two hundred millions of dollars in money and between thirty and forty thousand lives on both sides of the battle line, endless debauchery of the individual soldier, the lowering of the national ideal and the poisoning of the imagination of the American youth, are no issue in this campaign. Believe in monarchy if you can, as many wise men do; justify the "rough riding" on the part of the United States in this last year of the nineteenth century if you will, but do not tell me that the "paramount issue" in this campaign is a question of prosperity, full dinner pails or plethora of the banks, important as they are. If the issue is forced, who would not rather belong to a pauper nation than to a tyrant nation? Perhaps the last four years are justified by their prosperity and their financial integrities, but the grim facts remain, that the storm-centers of human liberty, the battle lines of democracy, are now in South Africa and in the Pacific Islands. Those who, wisely or unwisely, have fought for their freedom in the Transvaal have received the cold shoulder, and those who have struggled in the same way in the Philippine archipelago have received cold lead at the hand of this republic. I admit the perplexity of the situation. But that should not blur the main facts. Humanity is the same over there as here. "Don't cheer, boys, the poor devils are dying over there," said Commander Phillips in Santiago Bay, when the Spanish war ships were going to the bottom. And so I say on the eve of this election, to Republican and Democrat, Prohibitionist and Populist, Do not cheer, O voter; do not smile, O mother; do not laugh, O sister and wife, for poor humanity is dying and starving for liberty's sake over yonder.

Can I not bring home the agony and the shame of the situation by paraphrasing with perfect aptness the inspired words of the great bard of Avon, when he pleaded for another despised and persecuted race.

"Hath not a Filipino eyes? Hath not a Filipino hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as the American is? If you prick him, will he not

bleed? If you tickle him, will he not laugh? If you poison him, will he not die, and if you wrong him, will he not revenge? If a Filipino is like you in the rest, he will resemble you in that. If a Filipino wrong an American, what is his humility? Revenge! If an American wrong a Filipino, what should his sufferance be by American example? Why, revenge. The villainy we teach he will execute and it shall go hard, but he will better the instruction."

Will you plead prosperity in the face of this awful iniquity, and shall we lose sight of a fundamental principle in evolution which respects the law of perspective and recognizes that variation in degree eventuates in a difference in kind? Because all fowls were once aquatic, will you throw your hens into the water? Because primitive man was probably arboreal, will you now try to house your children in the branches of a tree? What is all this talk about the precedent of Thomas Jefferson and the annexations of a century ago in the face of the immeasurable distance between the circumstances? Then there was a territory separated from ours only by a river a mile wide, with a population of about one man to a square mile, and that population unorganized and without resentment. We paid a foreign power for yielding to our hands domestic territory. But here is a people separated from us by 7,000 miles of salt water, with a population of sixty or more to the square mile; a settlement twice as populous as Wisconsin, with cities, bridges, postoffices, colleges and railroads, asking only for the privilege of working out their own destiny. And still will you tell me that "this is not an issue in the campaign"?

Admitting the issue, it still remains for each to decide for himself as to how he will vote and into whose hands he will entrust this perplexity. I am persuaded that there will be thousands of honest Republicans who fully deplore the fact, and believe a wrong is being perpetrated, but who have faith in the homeopathic principle of "similia similibus," and think in so far as this evil has come through McKinley, the remedy must come through more McKinley, and they will vote accordingly, like him celebrated in the nursery rhyme:

> There was a man in our town,
> And he was wondrous wise;
> He jumped into a bramble bush,
> And scratched out both his eyes.
> And when he saw his eyes were out,
> With all his might and main
> He jumped into another bush,
> And scratched them in again.

I pity the man who goes to the polls confronted by a dire sense of the perplexities of the situation, but I pity more the man who goes to the polls with a light heart and casts his overconfident vote as if the world was not looking on and progress was not watching with bated breath the movement of the hands on the American dial. I will not say what Governor Roosevelt once said—"that McKinley has no more backbone than a chocolate caramel," but his friends and foes alike know that his actions have been halting; that he seems to have been swayed from the without when he ought to have been guided from the within. I know how far-reaching is the suspicion of Bryan. I have no confidence in his monetary formula. That lower jaw of his will make or unmake him wherever he goes. His dangers would be the opposite of McKinley's. In this perplexity I will grope my way to the polls with halting step, and will deposit my ballot with prayerful anxiety, using my best judgment in the high execution of my solemn responsibility in this hour of national peril and national humiliation, remembering that the great powers of history have gone down through prosperity, and the defeated ones of history have lived in spite of their poverty and by virtue of their principles. Babylon, Carthage, Phœnecia, died from prosperity, ruined by their "business men" who thought they would be saved by gold, while Jerusalem and Athens still live through all their poverty and their degradation because their trust was in ideas and their quest was justice.

I have shown you my heart, hoping that it may help you search your own. I have indicated the lines which I must take towards the ballot box. As I hope to merit the respect of my neighbors when I vote according to my conscience, so will I respect every man who votes in the light of his conscience with the cause of mankind at heart. Let the ideal and not the expedient be consulted on election day. If the ideal is refused at the ballot box then is democracy without hope, but if the banner of the ideal be held high on election day, democracy will be triumphant and humanity glorified whatever blunders, confusion, or poverty may strike us on the way—on the way to the republic of Lincoln and Washington. A "government of the people, for the people and by the people."

The Wheat Problem.

It is just two years ago since Sir William Crookes delivered his famous presidential address before the British Association for the Advancement of Science on the "Wheat Problem." His rather pessimistic propositions concerning the approaching scarcity of wheat for the bread-eaters of the world had the effect not only of stimulating a very wide interest in the food problem, but also of provoking considerable criticism of the unfavorable sort from almost every wheat growing country. In the United States there could hardly be distinguished a discordant tone in the great symphony of deprecation and denial which immediately followed the newspaper reports, inaccurate as they certainly were, of the chief contents of the address. Foremost among the hostile critics was Mr. Edward Atkinson who repeatedly returned to the attack on the basal propositions advanced by Sir William Crookes regarding the wheat supply, present and future, of the United States. In the book now before us (The Wheat Problem, G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.) this well-known scientist has published the original address together with replies to the more important criticisms, devoting special attention to the statements of Mr. Atkinson, and chapters on the future wheat supply of the United States, by Mr. C. Wood Davis, of Kansas, and the Hon. John Hyde, Chief Statistician in the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. In the appendices are given many very suggestive tables of figures prepared by Mr. Hyde and a note that is especially worthy of consideration in this respect on the wheat famine in Russia of 1898.

It may be of value to the reader to indicate the main topics which are carefully and conservatively discussed in the address. Sir William Crookes after estimating the present world's supply of wheat which he deems rather gloomy, presents a brief but quite adequate survey of the prospective capabilities as regards available area, economic conditions, and acreage yield of the principal wheat-growing countries of the world. The vicissitudes and limitations of wheat crops are thoroughly considered; the conclusion is reached that "gradually all the wheat-bearing land on the globe is appropriated to wheat growing, until we are within measurable distance of using the last available acre." The population of the world ever increasing, and the world's demand for wheat at the same time increasing in a crescendo ratio year by year, while on the other hand the production of wheat per acre being on the decrease, and the wheat bearing land all utilized, there remains the prospect of a world-

wide wheat starvation unless scientists meet and master the most serious situation in which man has ever been placed, and supply through the laboratory the means of averting the day of famine and death by starvation. The solution, in part, of the matter Sir William Crooke is able to furnish by virtue of some of his own investigations. Accepting the judgment that wheat needs preeminently nitrogen as its "dominant" manure, he discusses the available supply of fixed nitrogen, pointing out that the guano deposites are practically exhausted, that nitrate of soda or Chili saltpetre can not for long supply the demand, that our modern improvidence annually wastes the treasures of sewage and drainage, which he calculates amounts to the value of $16,000,000 per annum. Clearly exhibiting the speedy exhaustion of "fixed" nitrogen, Sir William Crookes proceeds to the chemical aspect of the problem. He has demonstrated that possible increase of the wheat supply depends on nitrogenous manures, and that the raising of the average yield of wheat from the present 12.7 bushels per acre to a higher average of perhaps 30 bushels, will go far towards solving the difficulties of the food supply of the world. Then he sets forth somewhat of the experiments which have been made in recent years to effect "the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen." This can be brought about by combustion, the remaining difficulty being the production of nitrate of soda in commercial quantity and at a marketable cost. This combustion of the atmosphere is effected by electricity, which he thinks can be generated cheaply enough and "without much lessening its mighty flow" by the water power of the Niagara. Thus nitrate of soda can be put upon the market in sufficient quantity and at a low price, and the wheat growing land can easily be made to yield 30 bushels per acre standard. And this will insure to a high degree of probability the population of the world against wheat scarcity and starvation for at least another generation to come.

The whole matter is presented with a lucidity and plausibility that can in no wise be reproduced in a short review. The work is readable, and replete with useful information on the food supply and deserves careful study by every human being who is concerned in the present and future welfare of man. The publishers have done their part of the work artistically, have furnished large, clear type, excellent and everything that is calculated to give joy to the lover of fine workmanship and materials in the making of books.

WAYNE P. SMITH.

The Value of Industrial Education.

The chief value of industrial education is to give the students habits of industry, thrift, economy and an idea of the dignity of labor. But in addition to this, in the present economic condition of the colored people, it is most important that a very large proportion of those trained in such institutions as this, actually spend their time at industrial occupations. Let us value the work of Tuskegee by this test: On January 10th of this school year, we dedicated the Slater-Armstrong Memorial Trades' Building. This building is in the form of a double Greek cross and, in its main dimensions, is 283x315 feet, and is two stories high. The plans of this building were drawn by our instructor in mechanical drawing, a colored man. Eight hundred thousand bricks were required to construct it, and every one of them was manufactured by our students, while learning the trade of brickmaking. All the bricks were laid into the building by students who were being taught the trade of brickmasonry. The plastering, carpentry work, painting and tin-roofing, were done by students while learning these trades. The whole number of students who received training on this building alone was about one hundred and ninety-six. It is to be lighted by electricity and all the electric fixtures are being put in by students who are learning electrical engineering. The power to operate the machinery in this building comes from a one-hundred and twenty-five horse-power engine and a seventy-five horse-power boiler. All this machinery is not only operated by students who are learning the trade of steam engineering, but was installed by students under the guidance of their instructor.

Let us take another example, that of agriculture: Our students actually cultivate every day seven hundred acres of land, while studying agriculture. The students studying dairying actually milk and care for seventy-five milch cows daily. Besides, they, of course, take care of the dairy products. All of this is done while learning the industry of dairying. The whole number of students receiving instruction in the divisions of agriculture and dairying the past year is one hundred and forty-two.

The students who are receiving training in farming have cared for six hundred and nineteen head of hogs this year, and so I could go on and give not theory, nor hearsay, but actual facts, gleaned from all the departments of the school.

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Let us take, for example, Macon County, Alabama, in which the Tuskegee Institute is located. By a careful investigation it is found that there are not less than thirty-five graduates and former students in Macon County and the town of Tuskegee alone, who are working at trades or industries which they learned at this institution. At the present time a large two-story brick building is going up in the town of Tuskegee that is to be used as a store. In the first place, the store is owned by a graduate of this institution. From the making of the brick to the completion of all the details of this building, the work is being done by graduates or former students of this school; and so the examples could be multiplied. Following the graduates and former students into the outer world, the record is as follows: A careful examination shows that at least three-fourths of them are actually using during the whole time, or a part of the time, the industrial knowledge which they gained here. Even those who do not use this knowledge in making a living use it as housekeepers, in their private homes, and those who teach in the public schools, either directly or indirectly, use it in helping their pupils.—*From the Nineteenth Annual Report of the Principal of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute.*

A Rainy Day.

This is my dream—to have you on a day
  Of beating rain and sullen clouds of gloom
  Here with me, in the old familiar room,
Watching the logs beneath the flames' swift play
  Burst into strange conceits of bud and bloom.

The things we know about us here and there;
  The books we love, half read, on floor and knee;
  The stein the Dutchman brought from oversea
Standing invitingly beside your chair,
  The while we quote and talk and—disagree;

Rebuild the castles that we reared in Spain,
  Reread the poet that our childhood knew,
  With eyes that meet when some quaint thought rings true.
Oh, friend, for some such day of cheer and rain,
  Books, and the dear companionship of you!

—*Theodosia Pickering Garrison in the Woman's Journal.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

A New Hymn and Tune-Book.*

Mr. Ellis has just issued this new compilation of Hymns and Services from the hand of Rev. Charles W. Wendte, whose "Sunny-Side" and "Carol" have been used in many Sunday-schools. Though the compiler has had in mind the organizations of young people, of various names in different churches, yet he has covered such ground in his selection that the book will be found acceptable in many churches; especially as a collection of hymns, which can be had without the "Services" if so desired. The Services are ten in number, with a three-page supplement of "Credo and Covenant." They contain prayers, responsive readings, suggested orders of service, together with other material from which selections can be made. They are not designed to be rigidly followed. They will furnish much helpful guidance as well as material in the conduct of young people's religious meetings, though less adapted to church use than the collections of hymns. The latter includes 376 hymns and songs, together with about 180 tunes. The hymns offer a good range, both of authorship and in thought and feeling, and include many of fine quality, whether old or new; and the selection of verse less strictly coming under the title of "hymns" is judiciously made and will add to the popular use of the book. In general it may be said that the hymns reflect the larger religious spirit of the time, and in both hymns and songs the devout and ethical tone will be recognized. The bugle note is frequent, along with the softer strains of the lyre. The music is well selected, both from old and new. The publisher's part is admirably done—in type, paper and binding.

Looking more carefully over these 376 hymns and songs, one finds fully one-third to be of known American authorship; nearly (but not quite) as many from English sources; a dozen or more from the German, and a few of earlier Latin and Greek origin. Some thirty are marked "anonymous;" but this list is easily reducible in several instances at least. There is comparatively little new "tinkering" of the hymns, and in some there is a return to the original form from alterations grown familiar. The dagger (†) is used to mark variation from the author's text in many instances, but not uniformly. Several hymns now familiar in their changed form are not so marked. In some instances, however, the text follows the later version of the author himself, as in Samuel Johnson's

"Onward, onward, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone."

Some of the selections may be criticised as rather badly didactic at the expense of lyrical and poetic quality. They preach rather than sing. But these cover ground where the range of selection is more limited. In general the literary quality of the hymns is far above that of most collections.

As in some recent English compilations of marked merit, it is interesting and suggestive to note here the greatly lessened space given to those earlier hymn-writers whose verse has hitherto formed the bulk of most collections for church use. For example, Wesley, Watts, Doddridge and Montgomery are here represented, all together, by some twenty-five humns, while Whittier and Samuel Longfellow together contribute thirty-one. Many of the old standard hymns, of universal import, are retained; but the above shows the relative proportion from the larger outlook and faith of our own time. Some of the finest hymns of recent origin, both English and American, will be found in the book. No index of authors is given; but each index, with their numbered hymns, is often a convenience, not to say matter of interest, in using the book. This might well be added in another edition; for the book is likely to pass through several editions. The price makes its introduction easy, especially for the smaller churches of limited means; while its undenominational imprint will facilitate its wider use. We have spoken of the care shown in the selection of the music. Some of the combinations of hymn and tune, however, will break unpleasantly with familiar association and use; as, for example, the divorce of Longfellow's "One Holy Church of God Appears" and Samuel Johnson's "City of God, How Broad and Far," from the tune of "Hummel," to which they have long been wedded. This feature, in some measure, is apt to mark new collections of hymns; but much is gained in keeping the association of hymn with tune, when once happily made and confirmed by wide use.

F. L. HOSMER.

* Jubilate Deo: A Young People's Hymnal and Service Book; George H. Ellis, 272 Congress Street, Boston. Price 35 cents; by mail, 45 cents.

The Life of Charlotte Bronte.

Published as a volume additional to the Haworth edition of the Bronte novels, this book has all the sumptuous beauty of the other volumes of that edition. The work of Mrs. Gaskell requires no commendation at this late day. Ill-conceived in some particulars, written with a certain terrible frankness and sincerity, after all the other books that have been written about Charlotte Bronte and her family, it remains the best, a wonderful memorial of a tragical experience. The text of the present edition follows Mrs. Gaskell's third edition, which is different in many particulars from the first, more by omission than by addition. I have counted myself fortunate in having the first edition in my possession and being able to read the omitted passages and to note the changes and additions. The work of the editor has been done in an entirely conscientious, able and sympathetic manner. His own "Charlotte Bronte and Her Circle" was convincing of his fitness for his present task. He recognizes that Charlotte Bronte was fortunate in her biographer and he has added nothing which he does not feel that Mrs. Gaskell would have cordially approved. His additions, especially of letters, are of great value, and many of his corrections are important. If one had time to read through the book without attending to the notes, and then over again, attending to them closely, it would be a distinct advantage. If those reading or rereading this pathetic story are not sent back to the Bronte novels with a fresh impulse of appreciation, it will be very strange.

J. W. C.

Books Received.

HOUGHTON-MIFFLIN CO., Publishers.
4 Park St., Boston, Mass.

An American Anthology, 1887-1899. Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman, $3.00.

Theodore Parker, Preacher and Reformer By John White Chadwick, $2.00.

D. C. HEATH & CO., Publishers.
Boston.

An Elementary History of the United States. By Allen C. Thomas, A. M.

All else of earth may perish; love alone
Not heaven itself shall find outgrown!

Be just and fear not; let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, thy God's, and thy truth's.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—See deep enough, and you see musically.
MON.—It is a calumny on men to say that they are roused to heroic action by ease, hope of pleasure, recompense—sugar plums of any kind in this world or the next.
TUES.—In the meanest mortal there lies something nobler.
WED.—Dijfficulty, abnegation, martyrdom, death, are the allurements that act on the heart of man.
THURS.—Kindle the inner genial life of him, you have a flame that burns up all lower considerations.
FRI.—Not by flattering our appetites; no, by awakening the heroic that slumbers in every heart.
SAT.—There needs not a great soul to make a hero; there needs a God-created soul which will be true to its origin; that will be a great soul.

The Bell of the Angels.

It is said, somewhere, at twilight
A great bell softly swings,
And a man may listen and harken
To the wondrous music that rings,

If he put from his heart's inner chamber
All the passion, pain, and strife,
Heartache, and weary longing
That throb in the pulses of life;

If he thrusts from his soul all hatred,
All thoughts of wicked things,
He can hear in the holy twilight
How the bell of the angels rings.

Let us look in our hearts, and question
Can purer thoughts enter in
To a soul if it be already
The dwelling of thoughts of sin?

So, then, let us ponder a little—
Let us look in our hearts and see
If the twilight bell of the angels
Can ring for you and me.

—Exchange.

A Kind Emperor.

During a four months' visit in Berlin last winter, says a well known traveler, I noticed numerous sand piles surrounded by happy children of all ages, and, wondering why they were allowed the privilege of scattering the sand in this otherwise very tidy city, I made inquiries and learned that before the old Emperor William died he ordered large piles of sand to be placed at intervals in Unter den Linden and also in all the large parks throughout the city for the benefit of the poor children.

The pleasure proved to be so great that the children of all classes, rich and poor, mingled together, all armed with spoons, paddles, buckets and pans. In Victoria park, which is situated in the "poor" district, there is one solid acre of fine white sand, where on a fine day hundreds of children dig and play, enjoying the kindness of the old emperor. This impressed me as the greatest kindness I ever witnessed.—*Methodist Recorder.*

The Germ of Bad Manners.

"Independence is a trait I like in Americans," said a girl near me the other day. "To think that 'I am as good as every one else' puts a strain of confidence into me."

"That same reflection, 'I am as good as every one else,' is at the bottom of a great deal of our proverbial bad manners," was the reply. "Would it not be better to think 'every one else is as good as I am?'" It certainly is a commendable trait to be self-reliant so far as material affairs are concerned, but there is an equality of worth to be recognized in others which is above the obligations to self.—*Ada C. Sweet, in Woman's Home Companion.*

What Some Birds Are Called.

"Listen," said Ned, as he stood in the farm house door with Uncle Horace.

It was an early autumn morning. A rim of light frost sparkled on the still green grass, and the woods were gay with their leaves of red and gold. Across the field, clear and cheery, sounded once, and again, the whistle of a quail.

"Do you hear that?" asked Ned; "that is an old quail who has raised her family in the north pasture this summer. There is quite a flock of them now, little speckled beauties, and father has put up a sign that hunters must keep off the place, for we don't want our little 'Bob Whites' killed. Hear them now!" as the call rang out again on the quiet air.

"If you were a French instead of an American boy," said Uncle Horace, "you would speak of the quail as 'the bird of prophecy.'"

"What would I call him that for?"

"Because in France they think, or at least they say, that the number of calls of the quail foretells the price of wheat."

"What a queer idea!" exclaimed Ned. "What makes them believe that?"

"I don't know. But they say that if the quail calls twice without resting, the farmers need expect but two francs (about forty cents) a bushel for their wheat; but if he calls four times, it will be twice that."

"How very odd! Do you believe it?"

Uncle Horace laughed. "I don't, Ned, any more than I believe that the white rooster which is crowing so loud on the fence there is the bird of ill omen."

"Surely no one thinks that," protested Ned.

"Yes, indeed, in many parts of Saxony the peasants will not raise chickens at all, even though they are poor, and could sell the eggs at a good price; because, as I have said, they call the cock the 'bird of ill omen.'"

"Why do they call it that?"

"You will remember that the cock crowed when Peter denied his Lord, and there is an old legend that he crowed for joy at the time of the crucifixion."

"Is not that what they call a superstition?" asked Ned.

"Yes; but it is not as pretty a superstition as is the Swedish one about the turtle-dove."

"What is that?"

"They look upon it as sacred, and call it 'God's bird,' and 'Noah's bird,' or they believe that it is the same kind of dove that Noah sent out of the ark at the time of the flood to bring him a sign whether the water had gone down."

"That is certainly a very pretty superstition, or fancy," said Ned. "If Bob White is a prophet, I hope nothing will happen to any of our 'birds of prophecy.' Now, I am going to the barn to get some wheat to feed my 'birds of ill omen,' and as there is a pair of 'God's birds'—I like that name better than the others—which live in the orchard and sometimes come and eat with the chickens, perhaps they will do so this morning."

"Yes," said Ned's mother, who from the dining room had been listening to the talk of Ned and his Uncle Horace, "if we would always think of the birds as 'God's birds,' as they are truly, I am sure it would make us more gentle toward them and more careful in every way not to do them harm.—*Sabbath School Visitor.*

Frederick Douglass said: "Lincoln was the first man in whose presence I forgot I was a negro."

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

The Cathedral Clock.

Upon the gray cathedral tower,
The clock strikes twelve, noon's golden hour.
Throned upon the bending skies,
Shadowless the dial lies.
Earth upon her burning breast
Lulls her children into rest.
Proud clock, that sounds each passing hour
From thy memory-haunted tower,
Thinkst thou canst hold the day?
Lo! Its winged feet, far away,
O'er the level, o'er the hill,
Brush the dewy grass of May,
Westward it is morning still.

In the cathedral old and gray
Is an altar where Truth's ray,
Darting from its highest noon,
Leaves no shadow. Late and soon
Tired feet come and go. Sad hearts
Seek the strength this shrine imparts.
Consecrate by many tears,
By the prayers of countless years,
Holdest thou the soul of truth?
Yet truth flees. In strength of youth
Far to westward wakes the dawn,
For a race unsung, unknown.

As the ocean's liquid tides
Follow after unseen guides,
To the spirit currents flow
Where their silent heralds go.
There, beyond thy ken, they break,
And the songs of morning wake,
Here go out with sullen roar,
Leaving wreckage on the shore.

Every day a shrine shall build;
Morning speed its walls to gild;
Evening shall its loss deplore,
Sitting lonely at the door;
While the spirit forward hastes
O'er the dim, untrodden wastes,
Far before the temple waits,
It doth seek through changing fates;
But its pilgrim journey lies
Under the benignant skies;
Living springs are by the way,
Manna drops from day to day,
And it carries on the quest
Altar fires within its breast
To kindle where soe'er it rests,
While it bears to some far shrine
The ever-growing thought, Divine.

ALICE GORDON.

HAMILTON, ILL.

Foreign Notes.

WOMEN IN THE POSTAL SERVICE.—According to the *Frankenheim* of Zurich it is a mistake to suppose that the employment of women in the postal service is a modern innovation. Postal clerks of the feminine sex may be traced to a very remote period. In 1848 a woman held that position at Braine-le-Comte, an important postal junction of that time. From 1628 to 1648 the general director of the posts for Germany, the Netherlands and Lorraine was intrusted to a woman, who showed herself competent to maintain the service through all the horrors of the thirty years' war. In America the first to have charge of post-offices were women, and in England at the time of the Restoration they frequently exercised similar functions.—*Le Signal. (Geneva).*

CLASS DISTINCTIONS IN RAILROAD SERVICE.—A reader of the Bulletin of the *Union pour l'Action* writes to that organ to inquire as to its attitude toward the proposed campaign of the National Union of Railroad employees for the unification of all classes of travelers by rail. It is, he says, a question to be treated on high ground, and he advances the following arguments as matters of fact:

"The companies construct luxurious first-class cars, which cost them much and bring little or no return, because they are used chiefly by people who do not pay, like politicians, functionaries and journalists, or by those who pay only one-quarter rates, like officers. Third-class cars, on the contrary, where the majority of users pay, are built at a minimum cost. Hence this inconsistency and injustice, that it is by expending less for the travelers who pay that the companies are able to expend more for those who do not pay. This in itself is quasi-robbery.

"Even the paying traveler of the first-class is selfish—without knowing it, I admit—since the fare for them is only double the third-class fare, while as to hygiene, comfort and, in many cases, rapidity of transportation the advantages are ten times those given to the third-class passenger. Furthermore, what is one to think of a Republican state which permits the companies under its control to set up these class distinctions, or inequality among travelers?

"The State, which should set an example, expends more than any other body for its luxurious carriages! This is unheard of! Yet I know what I say! The State has 300 first-class carriages to 1,150 of the third-class; that is a proposition of 1 to 4. But it transports annually 11,000,000 travelers of the third-class to 200,000 of the first-class, or fifty to one. Yet when it comes to a vote on the budget not a deputy hesitates, not even among the socialists. It is a shame!"

To this the editors reply that the complaint is just, and the reform one certain to be eventually realized. That it is only in decadent civilizations or among barbarians that one finds public places reserved exclusively for a certain caste. That in Switzerland everyone travels third-class except functionaries, foreign snobs and bridal couples. As a result the working people are more respectable, the rich more tolerant and more humane.

Notwithstanding the evident advantages of the unification of classes, the editors recognize the question as complex, and ask for a candid expression of views on the part of those competent to discuss it.

As to the hygienic advantages offered to the patrons of the first-class carriage, there seems room for question. Here in America, it will be remembered, the great railroad companies have recently become convinced of the unhygienic character of the more luxurious coaches, and have publicly announced their intention of instituting a reform in the direction of plainer and simpler construction. We have not the class problem in the same form as over there, but no country has carried luxury to greater excess in the matter of the furnishing and appointments of certain trains. M. E. H.

UNITY CHURCH, CHICAGO.—The pastor's adult class meets at 12:30 Sunday and is open to all. Questions are invited and the members are earnestly solicited to co-operate in making the discussions interesting and helpful.

SUBJECTS.

October and November: Faith and Doubt in XIXth Century Poetry:

Oct. 7—Shelley: "The Spirit of Revolt."
Oct. 14—Burns and Whitman: "The Dignity of Man."
Oct. 21—Wordsworth: "The Revelation Through Nature."
Oct. 28—Open Discussion.
Nov. 4—Whittier: "The Love of God."
Nov. 11—Tennyson: "The Larger Hope."
Nov. 18—Browning: "Faith Triumphant."
Nov. 25—Open Discussion.

December: The Christ in Poetry:

Dec. 2—The Christ of Tennyson's "In Memoriam."
Dec. 9—The Christ of Tennyson's "Holy Grail."
Dec. 16—The Christ of Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal."
Dec. 23—The Christ of Browning's "Christmas Eve."
Dec. 30—The Christ of Buchanan's "Wandering Jew."

The Macmillan Company, 66 Fifth Ave., New York. "Along French By-ways," written and illustrated by Clifton Johnson, $2.25.

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